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TEACHER OF THE NATIONS

MILTON forged the great sentence which at times of crisis in our national history has been a banner in our life—*Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live.*

Something of Milton has inspired our Education Minister, Mr Butler, in his proposed reform of our education methods. He has seen education as a process that affects the whole of life. All men must keep on learning and living all their lives. Education neither stops at fourteen nor at seventy. It is not a business only of buildings and school-books, class-rooms and teachers, but a business for the whole of life. The doors to all the magic wonder of learning and living must be open to all regardless of birth and money. Everything that has been discovered in the long years of English education must be available to all who call England home.

A People's Education

Every vested interest and partisan distinction must be swept away in the great march forward that English education is now taking. Academic brains alone must no longer be the chief ruling factor in our education system. Eye, hand, and brain must form a trinity so that the whole man may be trained to live.

Let it be written down to the credit of our country in the great book of Time that in the midst of her titanic struggle with the forces of evil across the continents of the world England determined to build thousands of schools; to train 60,000 more teachers; and to spend £67,000,000 a year more on her people's education. England is again to fit herself to teach the nations how to live.

FROM this country many noble achievements in the art of living have been added to the whole stock of mankind. From the villages and small hamlets, the guilds and companies, the churches and chapels, the law courts and Parliament houses have flowed continuously for a thousand years ideas of how to live. The Englishman has often been called an amateur by his critics. He has a distrust of the experts and the professors, and likes to see experiments which teach him something that he can see and begin to practise himself. He is not logical and often not too exact about the theory of much that he does. But he has stored up vast treasure of life and how to live it, and it will be England's duty in the future to share that treasure with all men.

The Spirit of Toleration

One of the great lessons we have taught the nations in the past has been to respect the opinions and views of other people. We have agreed to differ on many things and yet to live together as friends. We have called it toleration. How different is the spirit in the lands of Nazism. There one opinion, one idea, one voice alone is tolerated. There the intolerable contention that the dictator-government is always right is maintained by blood and murder. Europe is in chains for this idea, and to strike off these chains must be the duty of all men who remain free. That is the first step towards teaching the nations how to live.

We have also learned in our living together in these islands that fairness, co-operation, and justice are worth striving for and worth waiting for. That makes us seem slow and indifferent at times, but nevertheless it makes our reforms understood by all and carried through as the will of the people. That will be our big gift to the peoples of the world as they come to settle their post-war ways of life. Extremes and violence are the methods of brigands and bullies; consideration and co-operation are the methods of men who know that impositions on the will of man are bound to fail. You may teach, but you cannot compel a man to learn. He may obey under compulsion, but it will not be the glad obedience of one who wants to live as well as learn.

AT the top of his proposals for the education of our people Mr Butler has inscribed the motto, "Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends." Whether we shall continue to teach the nations how to live depends on how much more we learn ourselves. Up to the war we were tending to rest on our laurels; to look back on Britain's achievements in culture, art, and literature and so rest content. We have now reached a day of new achievements. The valour and sacrifice displayed on land, sea, and in the air to preserve the world for free men must spur us on to strike out in new ways of living.

Sharing the Good Things

One of the new pathways must be a discovery of a new fellowship amongst the various classes of people in our country. Service in all parts of the world has taught men the value of one another. This spirit of free democracy must be carried into our new world and there is no surer way of doing it than by allowing boys and girls of all sections of our national life to share in the great and good things of true education. It may mean many changes in our schools, but whatever is good and wherever it is must be fully shared by all, regardless of birth and wealth. Let England lead in giving to the world a way of life in which all can share, and in which our country may truly be a commonwealth.

But Milton's eyes as he wrote his great sentence were not only on his own country. He knew that England could live only as she lived in fellowship with other peoples. Her greatness was not to be measured by what she thought of herself, but by what other countries thought of her. So it is today and so it will be in the new world of living and learning.

THERE will surely be vast armadas of ships and planes leaving our land to visit other lands. We must start a constant traffic between the free peoples of the earth so that good ideas, good fellowship, good fun become the property of all men. We must become harbingers of knowledge and torch-bearers of living. We must hoist the flag of freedom on all the seas and learn how to live by sharing our secrets with all races. We must bring home the secrets of the far places of the earth, and let our children open their eyes in wonder as the great tales of modern adventure and enterprise are told. Instead of coming home with a loot of gold and silver we shall bring home the riches of men's minds and hearts which it will be their delight to share with us.

Only by this kind of learning and living will we be worthy of our toil and labour now. Only by this means can England be the teacher of the nations.

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Flying Wren

Many Wrens of the Fleet Air Arm have flying duties, and this Flying Wren is giving her camera a final look-over before going up to take pictures on training operations

A Picture Three Miles Long

A FEW months ago a liberty ship slipped from the shipyards of Baltimore in America bearing the name of John Banvard. Who was John Banvard many people asked. An American correspondent has described who John Banvard was and why America is remembering him.

In the middle of last century his name was literally before everyone's eyes, not only in America but in London and Paris. More than a million persons bought tickets to hear him talk, and to see his "stupendous, colossal" production.

John Banvard had painted the world's largest picture, 12 feet wide and three miles long! A moving picture, too, since it was wound on rollers and moved slowly across the stage while he lectured about it. Pamphlets distributed to his audience described it: "Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi River, painted on three miles of canvas, exhibiting a view of country, 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the City of New Orleans, being by far the largest picture ever executed by man."

He was twenty years old when he set out in a small skiff to make pencil sketches of the banks of the Mississippi, in preparation for his ambitious plan. After 400 days he landed in New Orleans, but the painting itself occupied seven more years.

In 1848, 400,000 persons in Louisville, Boston, and New York saw the panorama. The next year it opened for a 20-month-run in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where 600,000 British viewed it. It attracted full houses in other British cities, and even in Paris.

It is more than likely that Banvard's panorama was one important factor in boosting emigration from the British Isles during the 1850s. To many restless people, eager to know more about America, these actual pictures were proof of the endless possibilities that awaited them.

No one knows what happened eventually to the panorama. There exist a few copies of the educational pamphlet which Banvard distributed to audiences. On the back of it are testimonials to the "accuracy and truth of the painting" by the Mayor of Louisville, a ship's master, a United States engineer, and the Secretary of the Kentucky Historical Association.

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THREE MEN SPEAK

The dramatic fall of Mussolini was followed by striking speeches by three great Allied leaders in the Fight for Freedom. We give below passages from President Roosevelt's broadcast on the world situation; General Eisenhower's appeal to the Italian people; and General Montgomery's address to his Army.

Roosevelt to the World

OVER a year and a half ago I said to the Congress, "The militarists in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo started this war, but the massed angered forces of common humanity will finish it." That prophecy is in the process of being fulfilled.

The first crack in the Axis has come. The criminal, corrupt Fascist regime in Italy is going to pieces.

Our terms to Italy are still the same as our terms to Germany and Japan—"unconditional surrender"! We will have no truck with Fascism in any way, shape, or manner. We will permit no vestige of Fascism to remain.

We are already helping the Italian people in Sicily. With their cordial co-operation we are establishing and maintaining security and order; we are dissolving the organisations which have kept them under Fascist tyranny; we are providing them with the necessities of life until the time comes when they can fully provide for themselves.

The war will go on until the Italian people realise the futility of a lost cause. It is our determination to restore these conquered peoples to the dignity of human beings, masters of their own fate, entitled to freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, freedom from fear.

We have started to make good on that promise.

Ahead of us are much bigger fights. We and our allies will go into them as we went into Sicily—together. And we shall carry on together.

The heaviest and most decisive fighting today is going on in Russia . . . The world has never seen greater devotion, determination, and self-sacrifice than have been displayed by the Russian people and their armies under the leadership of Marshal Joseph Stalin.

In the Pacific we are pushing the Japs around from the Aleutians to New Guinea. There, too, we have taken the initiative—and we are not going to let go of it.

We are delivering planes and vital war supplies for the heroic armies of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and we must do more.

We shall have to defeat Hitler and Tojo on their own home grounds. We shall not settle for less than total victory.

Eisenhower to the Italians

ITALIANS, listen and make your friends listen. You have done a lot, but there is still a lot to do. The Germans are still with you.

You know that your Government made no move to achieve their evacuation from Italy.

Because of this, day by day, the Germans have re-acquired their insolent attitude towards the Italian people.

Reflect carefully. After the fall of Mussolini the Allies slowed down the bombing of Axis objectives in Italy to give you a period of truce in which to unite for peace and liberty.

But the Germans have profited from this truce to strengthen their position. The responsibility rests entirely with Badoglio.

If his Government had acted swiftly the Germans would by now be in full retreat from Italy. Instead it played for time and permitted the Germans to recover. We cannot tolerate this. We give to you this solemn warning: The breathing space is over. Be prepared. Soon the air offensive will begin again.

Do not risk your lives for Germany. Save your lives for a free democratic Italy.

Montgomery to the Eighth Army

THE Allied armies landed in Sicily on Italian soil on July 10, and today they are in possession of the whole island except for the north-east corner.

I want to tell you that this has been a very fine performance.

On your behalf, I express to the Command of the American Seventh Army on our left the congratulations of the Eighth Army for the way in which American troops captured and cleaned up more than half of the island in record time.

We are proud to fight beside our American allies.

We must not forget to give thanks to the 'Lord, mighty in battle,' for giving us such a good beginning.

And now let us get on with the job. Together with our American allies we knocked Mussolini off his perch. We will now drive the Germans from Sicily.

BOMBING THE OILFIELDS

IT has long been a theory of economic experts that shortage of oil would ultimately prove one of the chief causes of Germany's downfall—that oil supply was the Achilles' Heel of the Nazi War Effort. The great raid by American Liberators on the Ploesti oilfields in Rumania has gone a long way towards turning that theory into fact.

The great raid made by nearly 200 Liberators, dropping hundreds of tons of bombs from very low level, struck a severe blow at the enemy.

The importance of Ploesti as seen by the Nazis is reflected in the heavy opposition of fighter aircraft and A A defences. Its importance as seen by the Allied High Command is shown by the fact that a full-scale model of Ploesti was built in the desert as a target for the Liberator pilots and crews.

The results of the great raid suggest that it has, temporarily at least, robbed the Nazis of about one third of their oil—the oil that lubricates the wheels and keeps the engines of war running.

The End of an Era

WITH the downfall of the Fascists the world has one calendar the fewer! It was significant that the first proclamation after Mussolini's downfall bore the date in the Christian era.

It is characteristic of the leaders of violent revolutionary movements that everything for them and those they dominate must be minted anew. The old is contemptible, feeble, unworthy of their intellectual vigour. So it was with Mussolini and his lesser jackals. The Christian year that had served pre-Fascist Italy was not to be tolerated as a Fascist year. Just as they had new names for officials, new functions for new men in office, and new uniforms—complete with rifles and daggers for all, from the nursery upwards, so they must have a new calendar.

Mussolini's edicts and proclamations this year have not been dated 1943, but 21. The world began for Fascism and its votaries in 1922, and the official date bore the number of the year from the time that Fascism first burst upon the world.

There were, or have been until recent reforming years, enough calendars in existence to have satisfied the rest of us—the Christian, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Coptic, the Hindu, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Persian. None would suffice; the Fascists must have their own.

The Julian Calendar

Julius Caesar, nearly half a century before the dawn of the Christian era, found the Roman calendar inaccurate, and so by scholarly research gave us the amended Julian calendar that lasted for 16 centuries, when errors that had developed in turn were corrected by the calendar of Pope Gregory XIII.

What Caesar had once done for the benefit of intelligent mankind, presumption has urged the Mussolinis of the world to attempt out of sheer vanity. All these novelties, fleeting as the seasons they enumerate, were to last for ever. The French revolutionary calendar, with new names for months and days was to be an innovation which eternity alone would end. It lasted 12 years. Now the Fascist calendar has followed it into the rubbish heap of history.

HORSE-LOVER

The wagoner had been hurt in a road accident. His first concern was the welfare of his horses, for, with the mechanisation of his farm, he was the only real animal-lover left among the workers.

Next day, after a visit to the village doctor, he reported in triumph to the first-aider who had bandaged him that he had received permission to go to the farm every day "just to see the horses were all right."

THINGS SEEN

A lemon in a greengrocer's window, labelled One of the Good Things to Come.

A basket of fruit on a windowsill at Blean, near Canterbury, with a notice: For soldiers. Please help yourself.

A soldier with a jackdaw on his head walking along a country road at Lyminge, Kent.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A WOMAN is one out of every four employees at a tank plant owned by the Ford Company at Richmond, California, and producing the greater part of the armoured vehicles in use in the Pacific theatre of war.

Two thousand dairy farmers in the country have received merit certificates for milk production.

The War Damage Commission has received notification of damage in respect of 13,895 churches, monasteries, convents, and other ecclesiastical buildings, exclusive of schools, vicarages, or residential buildings.

A New Zealand fighter pilot baling out over Burma involuntarily made a new record for a delayed parachute drop when he lost consciousness and fell 20,000 feet before pulling the rip-cord.

The transport of troops and equipment in Britain requires 1000 special trains each week.

A West African Institute of Arts, Industries, and Social Science is to be created at Achimota, in the Gold Coast, with the aid of a grant of £127,000 from the Colonial Development Fund.

When a farmer's wife living 12 miles from a railway station in North Wales recently advertised that she had rooms to let she received within two days 500 letters and 20 telegrams.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which closed last Saturday, was visited by more than twice as many people as last year and had the best attendance since 1936.

After nearly 11 years as Soviet Ambassador in London, M. Maisky has been appointed Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs in Stalin's Government at Moscow.

A new factory near Chungking is producing 20 gliders a month with wings covered with native silk and all the other materials procured locally.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PETER SCOTT, son of Captain Scott of Antarctic fame, has again won laurels in an action between light naval forces in the English Channel.

General Smuts has won an outstanding victory in the recent South African elections.

Dr T. V. Soong, the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs who signed the famous treaty under which we gave up our extra-territorial rights in China, is on a welcome visit to Britain.

Mrs Hannah Matthews, of Wolverton, Bucks, is now 104 years of age and has never seen the sea or visited London.

The Government has introduced a Bill raising the rates payable under Workmen's compensation. It is estimated that the payments will rise by £4,000,000 to a new annual total of £20,000,000.

The Allied Governments have solemnly warned Neutral Governments against granting asylum to war criminals.

Lieut-Col Hough has won the American D F C for an experimental power dive at more than 780 m p h, faster than sound.

Youth News Reel

A REAL Red Indian is to visit a Wiltshire Wolf Cub Pack. Captain George of the U S Army, who recently paid the cubs a visit, promised to send the Red Indian along.

Belgian Scouts held a National Camp at Tolmers Camping Ground, Cuffley, Herts; the purpose was to make friends with Scouts of Britain and the Allied Countries.

After working hard for two years Boy Scouts of the 25th Leyton (Parish Church) have finished building their own Headquarters. Their previous Headquarters was bombed at the beginning of the war.

All A T C Cadets accepted for the R A F are to be distinguished by a special number series beginning at 3,000,000.

Sixty-three pieces of dolls' furniture designed and made by Scouts of the 24th and 40th Taunton Troops have recently been exhibited in aid of the B P Memorial Fund.

A Coventry Scoutmaster who was shot down inside the German lines captured three German prisoners. He was hiding in a French farm when the Germans called for a wash, and taking away one of their revolvers, he marched the men towards the British lines.

"Tree Houses" are being built by the 18th Swindon Toc H Scout Troop in a wood near their Headquarters.

The Right Kind of Club

AN Association has been formed at Sheffield which would have rejoiced the heart of the C N writer, John Derry, who was for long a leader of educational progress in that city, and was also an enthusiastic walker.

Senior boys and girls of secondary schools in Sheffield have recently formed among themselves the Sheffield Inter-Schools Association for the promotion of out-of-school activities.

The students had first been brought together at meetings of the Student Christian Movement, and began to realise the value of friendship out of school as well as in.

Following these meetings, debates, discussions, and Brains Trusts were held, and members of the other schools were invited. These meetings were largely arranged by the staffs of the schools concerned. Tea was often provided for the visitors after a debate or discussion, and it was over tea that the suggestion was put forward that a permanent Association should be formed.

Everybody was very enthusiastic, and a committee was elected. The head teachers of the schools were then consulted and, of course, approved the idea.

One headmaster said, "I think it is a fine scheme, and a real step forward to democratic education." He allowed the boys and girls the use of his large hall for dances and socials, and, in his own words, "tried to make them as comfortable as possible."

Now the Association is meeting two or three times a week. Musical evenings, debates, cycle runs—all form part of the plans. Several rambles have so far been made, of any distance up to 25 miles into Derbyshire. We have no doubt that John Derry's guidebook to this glorious district is often consulted.

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A Century Ago

A CENTURY ago our leading newpaper, The Times, directed attention to "the proud example" afforded by the fact that a young man of colour, almost a pure Negro, was in the summer of 1843 a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, keeping his terms to practise as a lawyer at the English Bar. A correspondent writing on the subject spoke with pleasure of seeing this young man "dining in the ancient hall with so numerous an assemblage of white men (among whom were not only some of the most talented but also the most noble of England's sons), by whom he was treated with the same courtesy and respect as though he were one of themselves."

After a lapse of a century we can still speak of such happy things, and our example is being gradually followed in the British Empire. It is good, too, to observe that in America, which is the home of about 13,000,000 Negroes and Mulattos, the lynching of Negroes is dying out and the Ku-Klux-Klan no longer wages war against the descendants of the unhappy Africans who were sold by Europeans to the American plantations.

The American Negroes were for long mainly associated with the South States, but the recent American restriction of white immigration caused a call in the Northern States for additional unskilled workers, and this was answered by the formation in each great American city of a Negro quarter; in one part of Chicago the Negroes form nearly three-fourths of the population.

QUICK WORK IN RUBBER

At Los Angeles, a synthetic rubber plant is producing artificial rubber with great facility. It is said that the factory will soon be producing 90,000 tons of buna rubber yearly, which is enough to make some 16,000,000 car tyres. With the artificial product appearing at this rate, civilisation should soon be independent of natural rubber.

Mr William Jeffers, the U S Rubber Director, says that this year the United States will produce 250,000 to 275,000 tons of synthetic rubber, and that for 1944 American production is estimated at 850,000 tons. It would be some time, however, before it was possible to remove restrictions in civilian rubber consumption.

New Health for China

WHEN the Friends Ambulance Unit in China set up a medical post close to the fighting line in a little village near Waichow recently, they found that it was not only the soldiers who were pleased to see them.

Their first patient, in fact, was an inmate of the gaol next door! Finding the prison very crowded and unhealthy, the F A U men could not give the treatment they would have liked to the thin, unhappy-looking prisoners there, fifty of whom were herded into a room large enough to sleep four in comfort. They did all in their power, however, to cure the worst ailments. One prisoner (a suspected spy), had his little girl of five with him, and said that they were both starving, so he gave all his food to the child. The F A U men were hoping shortly to get this little girl away into happier surroundings.

Besides the prisoners and some soldiers, a number of villagers and refugees came to the new clinic, for previously they had had no medicines except those supplied by native herbalists.

As one member of the Unit says, the need for proper medical care is probably equally great in any one of the fifty villages within fifty miles of Waichow; yet we can feel sure that the people of this village at least are very thankful to these new English and American friends who are facing all the hazards of war in order to bring them the health and strength they so sorely need.

SAVING SPACE IN A SHIP

What mainly matters in shipping is the available space in a ship. Shipping tons are mainly space tons of 100 cubic feet.

Great pains are therefore taken to reduce our imports to shapes that save space in the packing of cargoes. For the same reason the treatment of food by way of dehydration is carefully studied. Thus eggs can be reduced in bulk by 30 per cent, and similar compressions can be made with cheese, potato, carrot, and cabbage. In the case of carcases, mutton can be telescoped. The carcases are cut up so that they fit one inside the other, which saves about a third of the space they would otherwise occupy.

IN THE PEAK CAVERN

Without a break for 50 years, a service has been organised by the Hope Valley, Derbyshire, Friendly Societies, which is held in the largest cavern in England, the Peak Cavern, Castleton, the object being to aid the hospitals of the county.

This year, to commemorate the jubilee of this effort, a congregation of 500 people assembled on July 18 to take part in the service, and the scene inside the cave, together with the effect of the singing, was very impressive.

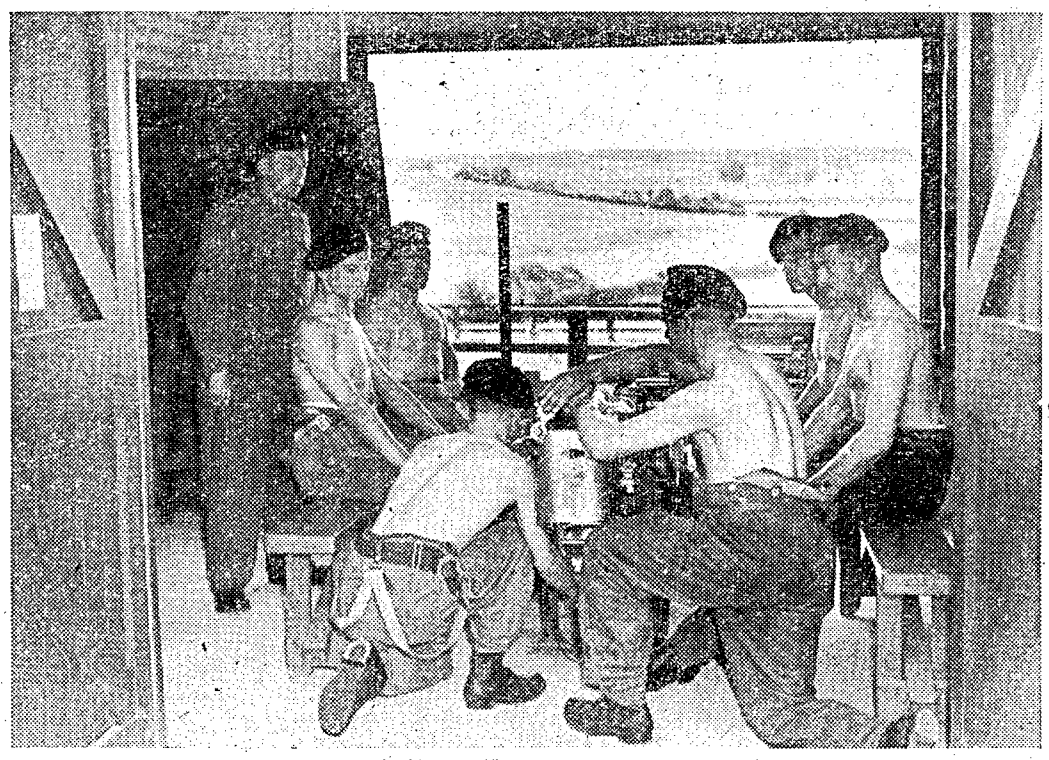
PORTABLE RECORDING APPARATUS

The method of recording sound electrically by magnetising steel wire is by no means new, and has long been used in broadcasting.

The apparatus used so far has been heavy and bulky, but an American inventor has now devised a wire-recording set which is no bigger than a portable typewriter and weighs only a few pounds. It can be worked by batteries or plugged into electric mains.

The possibilities of such a machine are obvious. For example, a war correspondent can dictate his story while carrying the set on his back, and thus record his impressions on the spot for repetition later; or an airman can record his observations, and ensure that no details slip his memory before the end of his flight.

A reel of wire ten miles long is carried in the set, sufficient to make a record for four hours. The wire can be demagnetised for re-use by merely running it in reverse through the recording apparatus.



The Learners

Recruits for the 11th Hussars receiving gunnery instruction on a two-pounder at a training ground Somewhere in England

The Old Horse Pump

A 400-year-old water works, which was in use in Gainsborough up to 80 years ago is to be demolished for street widening. From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was built, it supplied water to Gainsborough and the immediate district.

The building was erected by an enterprising Dutchman, and the pump was operated by a horse walking round and round, a small boy driving the horse.

COLOURS AND COUPONS

The quantity and value of clothing coupons are one of the main subjects of talk wherever women meet, and men, too, discuss them, especially when women suggest raids on the coupons belonging to men.

Attempts are being made to mould fashions to make coupons more valuable. Thus the number of shades of colour to be manufactured is being revised to limit them by cutting out colours which do not harmonise. Textile manufacturers, dyers, and designers are cooperating to endeavour to obtain from a limited range of colours effective notes of decoration.

The Training of Engineers

We may hope that, in view of the march of engineering, electrical engineering, and aeronautical engineering trades, many boys are desiring to devote their working lives to one of the most useful and noble of professions.

Sir Roy Fedden, speaking to the Engineering Industries Association the other day, said that he was impressed by the large numbers of technically trained engineers passing out from American universities. Over 14,000 took degrees in engineering in 1942, and over 1400 in aeronautical engineering. Many American universities and technical schools are now provided with an up-to-date and elaborate research equipment. Sir Roy added that our own higher engineering training was mostly out of-date. Classes should be established to help upgrade foremen and charge hands in special shop practices, as well as in supervision and shop management. (The engineer terms his factory a "shop.")

The Water Finder

Dowsers, or highly trained specialists in water-finding, are much in demand wherever the British Army moves. They accompany the Army into parched and uncharted deserts. Besides being responsible for discovering hidden water supplies they have to decide that it is drinkable.

NAME THIS MAN

This description of a well-known man appears in a book:

"I was then a midshipman on board the Barfleur, lying in the Narrows off Staten Island, and had the watch on deck when —— came alongside in his barge. He appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld, and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform, his lank hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure and produced an appearance that attracted my attention. I had never seen anything like it before."

The young man was 25, and his name was Horatio Nelson.

HISTORIAN OF PARLIAMENT

Lord Wedgwood, who has just passed on, did not live to see the completion of the 40 volumes of the History of Parliament for the production of which he was a Trustee. The volume dealing with the second half of the 15th century, which he wrote himself, was published in 1940, and Lord Wedgwood devoted to it as great an enthusiasm as he did to his Parliamentary History of his own Staffordshire and to the history of that county's pottery industry, in which his great-great-grandfather, Josiah Wedgwood, was a world-famous figure.

Lord Wedgwood was a great Parliament man, outspoken and fearless, characteristics which he also displayed on many a battlefield.

A RAFT STORY

A rat caught on a British submarine was condemned to be thrown overboard, but the crew made a raft out of soapbox lids and supplied provisions in a tobacco tin.

The whole was made duly serviceable and inscribed, "Reginald the Rodent's Raft." Finally the rat was put on board and the raft was committed to the waves.

As nothing more has been heard of the castaway we fear the story had a tragic ending.

HELP WITH SCHOOL MEALS

We are glad to learn that the Ministry of Food has sent to all school canteens, feeding centres, boarding schools, wartime nurseries, and other institutions for children a circular which details the foods made available for the purpose. It says:

"Full advantage should be taken by schools of the special allowances of food which have been made available in order to enable them to serve nutritious meals to day scholars."

The circular shows the amounts to which different institutions are entitled and how to secure adjustments as needed.

COSMETICS FOR FIGHTERS

Cosmetic are now very strictly rationed for the civilians, but they are being freely manufactured for the soldiers of the United Nations. One of the firms concerned says: "We are making black for Commandos, and green-brown and other colours for desert and jungle fighters, to protect them." It was reported some time ago that Commandos on the Continent of Europe were going into action with darkened faces.

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The Editor's Table

THE FRUITS OF OPPRESSION

THERE appears to be a universal principle about intolerance: it reacts on those who practise it. Just as many countries were enriched by the Huguenot immigration that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, so the United States and England have greatly profited by the scholarship driven out of Central Europe through the self-defeating bigotry of Nazi ideology.

If Hitler had set out, with benevolent intent, to build up America as the world's great mathematical centre, he could hardly have achieved more successfully the result which his ruthlessness has accomplished. During the last decade 131 leading mathematicians have migrated to the United States.

Rockefeller Foundation Review

❀

The Baby in New Zealand and Britain

MR ROY W. KING, President of the House Builders' Association of Great Britain, has reminded us that the better housing and better food of New Zealand have given the baby New Zealander an expectation of life ten years greater than that of the baby Scot, and four years than that of the English baby.

Housing and diet are of vital importance to every community, beyond all political interests.

❀

£14,500,000,000

HIGH expenditure does not always result in efficient performance, but we are glad to learn that the Chancellor of the Exchequer considers it a good sign that we are now spending more than last year, for, says Sir Kingsley Wood, it shows that the war is speeding up.

The House of Commons has promptly and cheerfully voted him another £1000,000,000 for carrying on the war, raising the total cost of the war to the prodigious sum of £14,500,000,000. Our average daily war expenditure is now about £13,250,000.

Home Building in the Old Days

THE considerable delay in laying the foundations of the 3000 farm workers' houses proposed by the Ministry of Health, is in striking contrast to the old days when the countryman, about to be married, often built his cottage himself—and in no time! He just selected a site on wasteland and, with the help of a few friends, started building straightaway!

In some West Country rural districts, homes were even built in a night! They were only one-roomed huts, but the common belief was that anyone who erected a dwelling in such a short space of time could claim the freehold of it, no matter what enlargements were made later.

In much the same hurried manner many cottages which still stand higgledy-piggledy in a Cornish hamlet were erected by tin-miners who settled there during the great mining boom of the 19th century.

An old lady, over 90 years of age, living all alone in a three-roomed wayside cottage down West, tells a romantic little story of how quickly her cosy home took shape.

"There was a man and a maid," she told a C N writer, "and they went a-courting. Came a day when they plighted their troth. They were not very well off, and they agreed to build their home together. So they chose a piece of ground that nobody claimed and, while he was away all day working on farms hereabouts, she raised the stone from a disused quarry in the next field and carried it to the site. Then, in the evening, he did the building. He bought slates and timber, and when it was all finished they were married and lived here 'happy ever after.' I love every stone in this dear little place. Everything is sacred to me because, you see, my mother and father were the builders!"

Like all other owners of dwellings constructed under similar circumstances, the old lady has no documents, nothing to show her title to the property. Her inheritance is what solicitors call "a squatting title."

Slow and leisurely as were the old days, our grandparents often got a move on when they wanted to build their homes!

❀

LET'S PRETEND

SHE is a poor body. She lives alone. She is a widow.

Yet you must not pity her too much. In a way she is very happy.

Her husband was killed in the last war, and her three boys are fighting in this. She puts away part of their money, and she is anxious about them, for they are abroad.

But, although she lives alone, she is never by herself. She lives in the happy days of old, the happy days when her three boys were little, and she *pretends* that they are little now, and with her still. She calls them into dinner. She talks to them. She takes them for walks. She sits watching them enjoy supper. She bows her head while they say their prayers at her knee, and then she kisses them good-night.

❀

JUST AN IDEA

There is no tax on smiles today and they pay a big interest.

Making America Better Known

IT is good news that the Cambridge University Press is making a grant of £44,000 to the University for the endowment of a Professorship of American History and Institutions. Oxford has a similar Professorship endowed in 1920 by Lord Rothermere, but American history is all too little known by Englishmen, and American Institutions such as Hospitals and Schools even less, and we can look hopefully to the time when they are subjects taught not only at all our universities, but at all our schools. To know America better will be to understand her people better, and in such understanding lies the only hope for Civilisation.

Fitting it is too that this noble gift should come from the Cambridge University Press which has long been famed for fine educational books (and notably for Histories), and whose own history goes back to the 16th century, when John Siberch, friend of Erasmus, settled in Cambridge and became its first printer.

❀

LITTLE GENTLEMAN

THE other day, in a quiet churchyard by the Cornish coast, a C N correspondent came across one of the most beautiful epitaphs he has ever seen. It was to the memory of a sailor who lost his life when his ship crashed on the treacherous reef off the shore. He was a good lad, for this was the simple inscription placed over his grave: "He never said an unkind word to his mother." What a noble tribute! One cannot but silently admire any little gentleman of whom this can be truly said.

Under the Editor's Table

MPs are in their prime at sixty. But that doesn't make them Prime Ministers.

⊡

WOMEN'S hat prices should be limited. They need not be more than a crown.

⊡

A DANCING instructor is a leading fire-woman. Knows how to take steps to put out a fire.

⊡

EVACUATED children are happy on the seashore. Digging themselves in.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If utility pens are up to scratch

WHEN a man learns to fly he goes up in his friends' estimation.

⊡

Do not run after a heavy meal. Let somebody bring it to you.

⊡

WHEN returning from the seaside all things seem to say goodbye. Even the ocean waves.

⊡

COUPONS are wanted for clothes. But not for a coat of paint.

⊡

MANY officers are being posted overseas. By air mail?



A-riding W

A donkey ride is always a favourite pas
at Home programme or (happy memor

POSTSCRIPT TO A

Last November Arthur Mee counted it a privilege to give his front page to a letter from a staff sergeant in the Middle East—a Devon man in Galilee. Another letter has now come home from this exile, who wrote without knowing that Arthur Mee had passed away.

The C N feels that its readers will see in this moving letter a fitting epitome of that mighty struggle in North Africa, and rejoice in its revelation of a spirit ennobled amid mortal strife, of a soul uplifted above the battle.

SINCE those healthy days spent near to Damascus much has happened. Quickly news came that our battalion with those of other Guards were to join Montgomery in the forefront of the battle. The ride of Paul Revere was not comparable to ours, neither was the ride of those who brought the good news from Aix to Ghent. Farewell, Mount Hermon, sparkling white in her snowy shroud! It was Sunday afternoon when we passed beside sweet Galilee, blue and placid. Across Jezreel to Beer-sheba and Palestine of perpetual memory was past, and we were tearing across the Sinai Desert, the Guardsmen always smart with their guns and riding forward, clean of face, silent strong men thinking of the days which were ahead. Through Cairo and we were up with the first wayside crosses of El Alamein. Tears were often in my eyes as I saw them, but stopping only for short rests and sleep beside the wheels we pressed on through the wrecks of the desert.

Sollum, ruins, a marvellous blue sea, memories, and we wer across the Libyan border. Burn out vehicles, crosses, the sun, an the desert. Bypassing Bard and Tobruk—with a glimpse o each—we were speeding throug Italy's lost colonies. Beautift green Cyrenaica, pretty Derna and (with apologies to Rober Browning) "Speed!" cried Ber ghazi, as we hastened through "Speed!" echoed Montgomer with Tunis in view.

Desert Perfume

Through the El Agheila sal marshes, more colonies all wai scarred and silent, always crosse and captured cannon, and so w came to Tripoli, gleaming whit against the Mediterranean blu Ever journeying on, Tripoli wa behind, and, ahead, the settin sun; always we drove into it, and how the desert smelt at such a time. Desert was almost wrong, its perfume was as paradise, such as a garden with night-scente stocks in England on a summer' evening. The Tunisian borde

Social Insurance 60 Years Ago

IT is strange that, after all these years, we should still hear the cry raised that social insurance prevents voluntary thrift.

Let us go back to the first step in social insurance—the famous message of Kaiser William the First, grandfather of the Kaiser of the Great War, to the German Reichstag in 1881, which spoke of the precepts of Christianity being embodied in legislation. The moral code of mutual help was to be written in law. The German sickness law of 1881-3 proclaimed that the stigma of public charity was not to attach to the benefit. The German workman was to obtain a citizen right to aid in misfortune.

In practice this fine legislation was followed by increase in voluntary thrift. Within 15 years German voluntary savings increased threefold. German wages rose far more than those of France, which had no such insurance legislation.

Mr Lloyd George, writing 2 years after the German legislation, pointed out that with German experience before us h could feel confidence that our own experiment would not decrease thrift. His opinion was vindicated in no uncertain manner.

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/e Will Go

:ime, whether it is part of our Holidays
/ for most of us!) a ride on the sands

GLORIOUS VICTORY

crossed, the hills of Mareth were ahead. Here was death, and here we stopped.

Our valiant company were immediately thrown into a strong point opposing the formidable Mareth Line. Soon, too soon, they were to quit themselves like men. A morning came and not all came back, my friends so quickly gone it seemed impossible. I shall never forget the faces of some who returned, they had been through the fire. We were to hear great tales of heroism and self-sacrifice, imperishable in my mind. Montgomery had stirred his men, and nothing could prevail against them. The flower of Britain, and those wonderful Indians, and clear-eyed New Zealanders.

Valiant men they were. Irresistible. Always forward through agonising obstacles, they faltered at nothing. Morale was high. "Old Reekie" scratched in the rock by men of the magnificent Highland Division whilst waiting to go into the attack. This somehow brought tears to my eyes. Everywhere were such signs with their touch of home. Dear home it is for them all. What a glorious story it all is. How proud I feel that I am in the story. Montgomery greater than Hannibal. They ran from strong point to strong point, yet always towards the sea where they would be at "bay." We were before Enfidaville, the mountains which dominate Tunis in view. Here we merely held, but not for long. Suddenly switched from these hills we circled through Kairouan to Le Kef, joined with the First Army and the gallant Fighting French, burst the gates of Tunis, sped through it with its joyous populace, and raced for Cape Bon and the sea. There we caught the fox, and there the chase ended. I came face to face with the enemy, and it was not in my heart to hate them. Happening perchance to enter an olive grove I came upon 20 young Germans.

Thoughts of Home

They were good-looking, fair-skinned; they in other clothes could be English. To have beaten them was a necessity, and no lauding is too high for the manner in which they were beaten. "The fight is o'er, the battle won, and now the victor's triumph sung." England still breeds noble sons.

For awhile "The tumult and the shouting" is dead, and units have gone many ways. I live beneath the sun and among young pine trees. I bathe in the sea, and always think of home. To my children I have a tale to tell. I wait to see the Cornish cliffs, to smell the damp woods of Devon, to lie in the cool, green grass and there to think of Palestine, its blue hills and golden moon, of Syria and the glories of the Lebanon, of the teeming Nile delta, and of Montgomery before Mareth.

A PENITENT PROFITEER

AMERICANS in England confess themselves perplexed by reading paragraphs in the newspapers announcing the receipt by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of various sums of conscience money. Generally such a sum represents an anonymous payment of Income Tax which has been withheld until the culprit's conscience pricked him.

But America's own Newport has a record, famous in history, of one of the earliest examples of conscience money ever paid. The original document, preserved among the official archives, tells how, after the founding of the town in 1638, one of the 12 Church elders was accused of charging an excessive price for meal, "Which he confessed with grief, and declared that having been smitten in his heart and troubled in his conscience, he restored such a part of the price, with confession of his sin, to the party, as he thought himself bound to do."

The record goes on: "And, it being feared that the report of his sin was heard farther than the report of his satisfaction, a course was concluded to make the satisfaction known to as many as heard of the sin."

CARRY ON

Sayings of a Shepherd

James Gardner, who belonged to one of the oldest shepherd families in Scotland, said these things about sheep dogs:

IN every case a great dog bears a deep resemblance to his master.

I have never known a deceitful man to have a faithful dog.

When a dog bites a man that man is sorely in need of chastisement.

A shepherd's dogs should all be recognised as members of the family.

When my dog wakes from a dream I know from his look that I have been in his dream.

No insult would wound me deeper than a look of distrust from one of my dogs.

My dogs have done much more for me than I have done for them.

THE CONQUERORS

THANKFUL in her sorrowing, humble in her pride,
England sheathed again her sword, through her sons who died.

From the misty Scottish glens, from the banks of Trent;
From the sunny Sussex Downs, or the fields of Kent;

From the Devon farms and homes forth they went to save,
Gladly to the homeless trench, or the battling wave.

Hark! they have returned to us with victorious tread.
In a country's liberty live again her dead.

Where our flag, unvanquished yet, straightens in the breeze
Wellington is marching still; Drake is on the seas.

Thankful in her sorrowing—humble in her pride,
England sheathed again her sword through her sons who died.

Marjorie Wilson
after the last war

Peace For Ever

FIVE great enemies of peace inhabit with us—avarice, ambition, envy, anger, pride. If these were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.

Petrarch

THE SECRET

IT is a wonderful fact to reflect upon that every human creature is constituted to be a profound secret and mystery to every other.

Charles Dickens

Trust

IF this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

Wordsworth

All This Has Passed Away

Two great poems were written in 1843 to stir up national opinion against the evils of the time, and we give part of both below. In this centenary year of Mrs Browning's Cry of the Children and Tom Hood's Song of the Shirt it is a fine thing to reflect upon that the cruelty they deal with so passionately has entirely passed away.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

For oh, say the children, we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
We fall upon our faces trying to go,
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For all day we drag our burden, tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

And all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that dropeth down the wall;
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray:
O ye wheels (breaking out in a mad moaning),
Stop—be silent for today!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see;
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart,
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows its path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt!

Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep
And sew them on in a dream!

Oh, men with sisters dear!
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags;
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed [drop
My tears must stop, for every
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread:
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
(Would that its tone could reach the rich)
She sang this Song of the Shirt.

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Harvest Work for Schoolboys

BY ONE OF THEM

HARVEST work to a healthy boy is the same as a book and cosy armchair to a business man home from a day's work. Never before have there been such fine opportunities for boys to spend their holidays in this healthy manner.

When a schoolboy finishes a term of school work his brain is fatigued and the physical work he does on a farm leaves it to rest. Therefore he goes back to school refreshed and happy, fit both in body and mind.

This is not merely a theoretical statement, but my own experience. At the beginning of the war I was evacuated to Cornwall at the age of twelve, and it was there that I first worked on a harvest field. On that field were lads of eight—yes, eight—and they were working, too, carrying sheaves, turning back heads of corn, and enjoying it.

Farmers' sons, when they return home from school, hasten to change into old farm clothes, then, out to the fields! It is their life, and I see no reason why lads from the town should not be able to do the same. The knowledge gained must surely be a great help in future life, and it is a never-ending joy to talk to friends about the innumerable pleasures of farm life. To return to the working side. For myself—and I can speak for many others as well—I would rather pitch a field of sheaves than dig twelve square feet of an allotment.

Imagine the sun shining down on a field of golden corn waving in the summer breeze, and three sturdy horses pulling around the reaper. A soft word of encouragement, and they spur themselves to greater effort. Scattered around the field men and boys, and sometimes women, work with a light heart and smiling face. It is a grand job, this harvesting. Then tea! Eat and drink to your heart's delight. Five or six cups of refreshing tea. It is a grand life, too!

In my serious moments I like to consider the earth as the world's bank, and the farm labourers as bank clerks. Everything comes from the earth, everything returns to the earth.

So, all hands on deck for the harvest. It may take a month off the end of the war. One rick full of grain is worth two still uncut. And if you do not believe me, then ask a farmer!

St Albans Takes Care of Its Heritage

Opposite St Peter's Church in St Albans is a delightful group of almshouses, their tiny windows looking out on an old-world corner of the city. Over the gateway is an arrow in token of their origin, for they were founded in 1627 by Roger Pemberton in his remorse for having accidentally killed a widow while out hunting. Little buildings such as these, rich with the romance and mellowness that only centuries can endow, are part of a city's charm, and it is good to learn that St Albans has saved these almshouses from demolition.

BEDTIME CORNER

Likes and Dislikes

I LOVE the little flowers ;
I love the little plants ;
I love the little butterflies,
And I'm not afraid of ants.
But I do not love the bumble bee,
And the waspies really frighten me !

THE WISE LARK

A LARK once had a nest of young birds in a cornfield, and when she went out to seek food for them, she told them to listen very carefully to anything they might hear the farmer say.

One morning on her return they said that the farmer had arranged to ask his neighbours to come the next day and help to reap the corn.

"Then," said the old bird, "there is no danger yet."

Next day the young larks told their mother that the farmer had bidden his son ask his cousins to come and help him reap the corn. The old lark still said that there was no danger yet.

On the third day the young birds reported that the farmer had said that next morning he would reap the corn himself.

"Then," answered the mother lark, "it is time we went somewhere else."

If you want a thing done do it yourself.

Riddle

WHAT is it that is full of holes and yet holds water?

A sponge

PRAYER

GLORY and thankfulness to Thee, O Lord, for all Thy mercy through this day. Keep us through the night and bring us to another day patient, friendly, and peaceable to all about us. Amen



A HOLIDAY HIKE

THE SICILIAN EXILE

WE have heard how, to their surprise, American troops on landing in Sicily were greeted by many Sicilians who had been to the United States and spoke English. But their welcome is not so surprising when we remember that although Sicily gave some prominent men to the Fascist cause, the island was never Fascist at heart.

Indeed, there lives in the States an old priest, Dom Sturzo by name, whose influence over the Sicilian people was far greater than that of the Duce for years after the famous March on Rome. Dom Sturzo challenged Mussolini openly, and would have remained a thorn in the side of the Bullfrog had not very special pressure been brought to bear, in the alleged interests of national peace, to make him give up his opposition.

The elderly priest went into voluntary exile thereafter, almost heartbroken by what he could see was coming to his beloved country. Sicilians, we are sure, still recall with affection and would welcome the return of the old priest who stood up so fearlessly on their behalf, not only against the Fascists, but against the tyrants of the Mafia, the fierce secret society which wielded such power in pre-Fascist Sicily.

Anyway, both Mafia and Fascism are done with now. Amgot will rule with justice.

ANOTHER FINE OLD THEATRE OPENED

Bristol's recent lead in reopening its historic Theatre Royal has now been followed by Richmond, Yorks, a town with a fine history. Closed for the past 100 years, Richmond's Old Theatre Royal was reopened on August Bank Holiday.

Curiously enough, the neglect suffered by this once-famous theatre, which was being used as a salvage depot by the Corporation, has been a fortunate thing from the antiquarian point of view. For it has never been altered since it was closed in the middle of last century, and thus remains today as a rare example of an 18th-century theatre exactly as it was when first built.

There is no raised stage, and the acting is done on the floor of the auditorium, among what Shakespeare called the "groundlings." But there are galleries and boxes of old-fashioned style, just as they were when Kean and Kemble, Macready and Mrs Siddons gave their best performances here, and delighted their provincial audiences with the same talents which had charmed Londoners at Drury Lane.

Peace & War Casualties

From Washington comes news that the casualties now being sustained by American workers, most of them in munition works, are at the rate of 2,000,000 a year. Of these, 20,000 are killed or permanently crippled and more than 100,000 others suffer permanent disability. These casualties are many times greater than the U S armed forces have suffered since Pearl Harbour.

The American Government is therefore increasing the corps of accident-prevention experts, who at present number only 600.

Chains and Slavery

LEGHORN, raided recently by R A F planes returning to England from North Africa, is unknown by that name in France or Italy. The French term it Livourne; to the Italians it is Livorno.

An important port, whose peacetime tonnage was half British, its cathedral has a façade designed by Inigo Jones.

After being sold from one Italian city to another, Leghorn was taken in hand by the Florentine Medicis, who virtually recreated it, whereupon the head of the famous house published an invitation desiring "men of the East and West, Spanish, and Portuguese, Greeks, Germans, Italians, Hebrews, Turks, Armenians, Persians" to settle and trade there.

When John Evelyn, the English diarist, was there 300 years ago, Leghorn was a great slave mart, and the port full of the galleys these unhappy sufferers manned. Evelyn saw them "drinking, gambling, fighting, singing, weeping, all miserably chayned."

Men not yet captives, he said, were tempted, out of sheer drunken bravado, to enter a tent, there, playing with dice, to hazard their liberty for a few crowns. If they lost they were at once chained and led away to the galleys, ostensibly to serve for a term of years; but they seldom returned alive.



A Pet Deer

This fawn found in some bulrushes and called Moses, is now growing hardy as a pet at Lyth in Westmorland

THREE CORPORALS

WE all know corporals as excellent fellows, but in history at least three corporals have played the knave on a stupendous scale.

The three corporals of infamy are Napoleon, Hitler, and Mussolini. All three, with the pride that apes humility, courted popularity with the army and the people by stressing the modesty of the rank from which they rose; and even in that there was the grossest pretence.

Napoleon was the first "corporal" known to notoriety, for the deathless corporals who strut through the pages of Shakespeare are but the creatures of his imagination. Actually "the little corporal," most famous of them all, never was a corporal. Napoleon passed, when 16, from the military school of Paris into the army with the rank of second lieutenant, and was promoted to the rank of General when 24.

The title that he loved to trade on came to him in Italy, after the battle of Lodi, a town now known to all our bombers who visit Milan. His victory, gained at 27, and won by genius and daring, so delighted his army that they invested it with romance and legend. They acclaimed him as "le petit caporal," and the little corporal he remained, prospering greatly with the spurious title. His revolutionary soldiers thought it a fine thing to be led from one victory to another by a little corporal whom the humblest of them might hope to emulate. After his exile to Elba, his supporters at home used secretly to drink toasts to him as "the violet corporal," in the hope and belief that he would return from captivity with the next year's violets. He did—to the Hundred Days, Waterloo, and St Helena. To the end he remained "le petit caporal" among those who still honoured him. It is an endearing, appealing title, wholly masking Napoleon's character of a ruthless tyrant and oppressor.

From the legend Hitler and Mussolini drew their inspiration. Hitler was an undistinguished corporal in the German army during the last war, and with his rank fully known he has never ceased to vaunt his experience as a warring man, although of actual fighting he seems to have known but little. His rank as corporal has, however, undoubtedly been played up as an asset in his shameless progress.

It was as an ex-corporal that the egregious Mussolini launched himself with his Fascism upon his country. On the day that he began the march on Rome he assumed no regimentals of known design. With a gaudy sash round his shoulders and with what looked like a decorative black boiler suit the retired corporal set forth—wearing spats! He had not to advance by degrees from his corporalship; he made himself head of the army, the navy, and the government with a despatch that would have made Pooh Bah envious.

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The Children's Vitamins

IN the factories where the women of Britain are working hard for victory, the Government is now distributing rations of Vitamin A and Vitamin D. These are the vitamins which will build up the babies of the coming generation, and keep them well and strong. So the C N calls them the Children's Vitamins.

Vitamin A, which heads the long list of the vitamins, stretching down the alphabet to the letters K and P, used to be valued as the one that was necessary to good health if the food of women or of babies was not good enough or the diet not properly balanced. As the diet to meet these requirements had to include plenty of milk, fats, butter (for which ordinary margarine was no substitute), and green vegetables or carrots, it is easy to see that many mothers and many children did not get the right food. There was no Vitamin A in what they ate. As a reinforcement they were urged to take cod-liver oil, which does contain Vitamin A; and as this answered fairly well, the vitamin was invested with some powers that were beyond it.

It was believed to be the vitamin which when present in food prevented the onset in children of rickets, an infirmity that for many years has been tragically frequent among poor children, if not always in the severest form.

The Cure For Rickets

It is now known that though Vitamin A has many virtues for maintaining health, including the unexpected one of preventing night blindness, it is not the chief agent in preventing rickets. That preservation is owed to Vitamin D, which like Vitamin A is present in cod-liver oil and halibut-liver oil, and which if given early enough will not only prevent rickets but cure it.

Its discovery is a story in itself. In Vienna at the end of the first World War the hospitals were packed with half-starved rickety children, whom the English mission under Dr Harriet Chick dosed with cod-liver oil. It was found that the children exposed to sunlight in the open air fared better, and recovered faster, than those indoors. To distinguish the cases the sunlight babies wore pink ribbons, the others blue. Later on, ultra-violet rays took the place of sunlight; and the question was why should rays do the same work as cod-liver oil?

The answer proved to be that the rays converted a waxy substance in the skin (and elsewhere) into a vitamin that directed the calcium and phosphorus present in the body into their proper task of filling up the tissues of the bones with these necessary substances.

Thus at the end of a long inquiry Vitamin D was unearthed, and was eventually prepared in the form of a chemical product known as "calciferol." From the mother it is transmitted to the babies, and a child given a daily dose of Vitamin D, or calciferol, not greater than one fortieth of a milligramme, from its birth onwards will never have rickets.

Building Up the Teeth

That is not all. Vitamin D supplies not only the bones with their calcium and phosphorus, but the growing teeth, so that children grow up with well-formed teeth that resist decay. This is important to them in after life, because tooth decay hits hardest middle-aged people in town or country, as middle-aged people know only too well. The preservation of the teeth is one of worldwide importance to all who live in temperate zones.

Those natives who live in tropical countries have good teeth because the exposure of their skins to sunlight manufactures Vitamin D for them. The Eskimos, who also had excellent teeth till they took to American cereals, had the vitamin ready prepared for them in the fats and oils on which almost exclusively they fed.

Vitamin D, the supplier of calcium, is thus the main requirement for healthy bones and teeth: but there may be other causes, and Vitamin A may regulate the process of encasing the tooth as it grows.

BOYS AND COAL MINES

INCREASING shortage in man-power, and the large demands that have been made upon the labour of women for war factories, have raised the whole question of directing boys and girls of 16 to 18 into war work. The matter arose in an acute form following Mr Bevin's proposal to send boys into the pits in view of the fall of coal output.

The Minister of Fuel states that our coal output in the four weeks ended July 10 showed a fall of 356,000 tons a week as compared with the previous month. This was to some extent to be expected because of the incidence of Whitsun Holidays this year. But a comparison of the latest return with that of the period in which Whitsun fell last year is also discouraging, for it shows a fall of 145,000 tons a week this year.

At the same time the military success in Sicily means a bigger demand for coal which may well be extended by further successes. It is for these reasons that the Ministry of Labour is making a greater demand for miners.

Speaking at Doncaster, Mr Evelyn Walkden, M P, described the plan to send boys of 16 into the pits as a false and unsound remedy for the urgent needs for more coal. It is a policy which the C N has always strongly opposed, and we trust that no more will be heard of the proposal.



THE ARMY AS TEACHER

IN bygone days it was often said that the Army would make a misfit into a man. Today it takes a man and makes him a skilled worker, for the Army now teaches more than a hundred different trades, and is also helping thousands of soldiers to pass their matriculation and professional examinations, free of cost.

Just before the war the most progressive schools were experimenting with careers masterships. Careers masters had the task of preparing boys for industry and the professions, and arranging posts for the boys leaving school. Today most careers masters are serving with the forces, but their experiments have been studied by the Army, which is teaching new trades on a great scale. The R E M E s, for example, as the men of the Royal Corps of Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are called, will be ready and fully trained for civil life when the war ends.

Many men who were unable to find their feet in peacetime have learned a new trade during the past four years, and have had experience of responsibility which will be invaluable.

But besides teaching the unskilled, the Army has brought consciousness of latent abilities to many men. A butcher discovers talent for mechanical engineering; several journalists in the Tank Corps become expert driver-mechanics.

New Enthusiasms

A former city director of a wholesale toy business in 1939 has adopted his new job as a tank driver with such enthusiasm that he is now not only a first-class technician, but designs engine improvements in his spare time. Another skilled engine repairer was formerly a film camera-man. A Scot, interested only in literature and art before the war, has discovered since joining the R A M C that his fellow men are interesting even if they do not care for Strindberg's plays; he now studies nursing orderly handbooks, and first aid has opened up to him new possibilities.

When peace comes thousands of men will come back to civilian life finely equipped for new jobs, and full of fresh interests. The nation will owe much more to the Army than the mere debt for winning battles.

English as a World Language

A Committee of United Nations educationists, under the presidency of Dr A. Sommerfelt, Norway's Director of Education, has recommended that English should be used as the world-wide auxiliary language. In the House of Commons the Foreign Secretary has declared that he was heartily in sympathy with this suggestion.

Mr Ivor Thomas, M P, pointed out that foreigners learn English much more easily than our people seem to learn foreign languages, and added that Dr Sommerfelt had written to him saying that a reform of English spelling would greatly facilitate efforts to make English the main international auxiliary language. This raises an old moot point, for there is naturally great hesitation in making changes of spelling when so many great works of literature have been written in the spelling we commonly use.

The Future of the Secondary School

AN important postscript to the Government's White Paper on Education has been published. It is the report on Secondary Schools drawn up by a committee under the presidency of Sir Cyril Norwood, late Headmaster of Harrow and now President of St John's, Oxford. It proposes changes in the secondary school system and in school examinations.

It will be remembered that the Government proposes that *all* boys and girls shall pass from primary schools to secondary schools at 11 years of age, and the Norwood Committee make important recommendations as to the secondary education which the children of the future will enjoy. *The Committee's conception* of the function of education is simply and clearly stated as "training in habits of clear thought and clear expression."

The new compulsory schools, it is recommended, will be of three types; first, the Grammar School, as it now exists, but with improvements; second, the Technical School; third, the Modern School, giving part academic and part technical training.

To assist the choice of these types for the young entrants, these secondary schools will each have a lower form to which will pass the children as they leave the primary schools at the age of eleven. Here they will be specially studied to discover for which type of secondary school they are best fitted, and at the age of 13 they will be transferred accordingly; thus it is hoped to do the best possible thing for each secondary pupil.

Some interesting changes in the curriculum of Grammar Schools have been suggested by the Committee. New subjects may include economics, sociology, British, Colonial, American, and Russian history, comparative religion, ethics, and clear thinking; with education in public affairs for the older children. An interesting point is that Russian and Spanish are suggested as additional modern language subjects. The Committee mentioned the great interest taken by the young in Russian matters, and think that there is a good case for starting the experiment of two-year courses in Russian in the Sixth Form:

The Committee devotes separate chapters to the teaching of English, to physical education, to religious education, and to the teaching of Welsh. The Committee is not concerned with military questions, but it is of opinion that a six-month period of national service "might do much to fuse the country into a single whole with a common purpose and common understanding."

The question of the School Certificate Examination is dealt with by the recommendation that for a seven-year experimental period the certificate examination should be "internal," that is, run by the teachers and authorities of the school. After a lapse of seven years further reform of the system might be considered.

His teeth need YOUR care–



Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

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THE BRAN TUB

STUFFY

JEAN came back from a visit to a natural history museum.

"Well," asked her mother "where have you been this afternoon?"

The child of five shrugged her shoulders. "Just to a dead circus," she replied.

The Bull's Lament

"MY tears," sighed the bull, "fall in drips.
I've two horns with nice curly tips:
Two horns, yet I loathe 'em,
Because I can't blow them;
They're both out of reach of my lips."

An Impossible Trick

ASK a friend to stand sideways against the wall of the room with both feet placed together, with one foot and his head pressing against the wall. Now ask him to try to raise outwards the foot that is farthest away from the wall. It sounds as if this is quite easy to do, but as a matter of fact it is quite impossible.

THE FOREIGNER

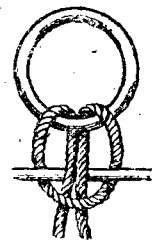
A NEW baby brother had arrived at Willie Jones's house.

"What is your little brother's name, Willie?" asked a friend of the family.

"We don't know yet," said the little boy. "None of us can understand a word he says."

Mooring a Boat

THE most convenient way of mooring a small boat is to make a lark boat knot and fasten it with a wooden pin, as shown here. This knot allows the boat to be released instantly.



Stung

THERE was a small boy of Bagdad,
An inquisitive sort of a lad,
Who said, "I'll just see
If this nice-looking bee
Has a sting." And he found that it had!

A Pest in the Woods

HORSE-FLIES are plentiful in summer, particularly in the neighbourhood of woods, and they prove a nuisance to both horses and their owners.

These somewhat repulsive flat-bodied insects collect in swarms to attack horses, using their hooked feet to cluster round the animal's eyes, ears, and tail; and they clutch so tightly that they cannot be shaken off.

LOGIC

"BEDTIME," said Granny.

Joyce looked up. "But it's only six o'clock."

"Well, my dear, you are six so it is time to go to bed. When you are seven you may stay up till seven, and when you are eight you may stay up till eight."

Joyce thought a little while. Then she said: "So I suppose, Granny, that you never go to bed?"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

GERALD, six years old and very bright, is an only child. He had long wished for a baby brother, and when the news came the other day that there might be one soon, he was delighted.

"But, of course," his mother warned him, "you may be disappointed. I hope it'll be a baby brother, but you never know. It *might* be a baby sister."

"All right," said Gerald, "it can't be helped. *We've got to put up with what we can get in wartime.*"

Put Your Clocks Back

DOUBLE Summer Time ends this week-end, so remember to put your clocks back *one* hour before going to bed on Saturday night.

Stick-in-the-Mud Jacko



NO school, a sunny day, a river, and a boat! "Hurrah!" shouted Jacko. "How could we spend our time better than in sailing?" Chimp agreed. But the boys are not expert yachtsmen, and before long they became stuck in the mud near an island. Just then an irate gentleman appeared. "Go away," he yelled, "no boys are wanted here!" And, to tell the truth, no boys wanted to be there. So, with an oar and a great effort Jacko managed to push the boat off, and he and Chimp drifted along to their next adventure.

A WONDERFUL WORD PUZZLE

OPEN a book at random and within the first ten lines select a word that is not more than ten from the beginning of the line. Now double the number of the page and multiply the result by five. Add twenty and then add the number of the line selected. Now add five and multiply the result by ten. Add the number of the word in the line, and then subtract 250. The remainder will give in the unit column the number of the word, in the tens column the number of the line, and the remaining figures will be the number of the page.

It can be used as a little magic to try on your friends. Get them to select a word without telling you where it is, ask them to work out the sum, and give you the result, and then you can find the word they selected and point it out to them in the book.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Venus is low in the west. In the morning Saturn is in the south-east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m., Double Summer Time, on Wednesday, August 11.



Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, August 11 to Tuesday, August 17.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Concert by the BBC Northern Orchestra, conducted by Ronald Biggs, who will also talk about the music.

THURSDAY, 5.20 We'll Meet in England, by Kitty Barne. The story of how a Norwegian family escaped to England, adapted by Muriel Levy. Part 1—"Wapping Billy and the Haakon."

FRIDAY, 5.20 Letter from America by Maria Cinio, relating some of her special experiences. 5.30 A fairy-tale adapted from the original by Manfred Khyber; followed by Young Artists (Eileen Croxford, cello, and Margarita Gower, singer).

SATURDAY, 5.20 Variety, introduced by Gerry Wilmot. 5.45 F. N. S. Creek will discuss cricket with Denis Compton.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Blue Falcon, a play based on an old Highland legend, by Marris Murray.

MONDAY, 5.20 Slow and Solid, a story by Frances Bellerby; followed by songs by Betty Mundy, and Walter Barnes, the Devonshire Fisherman, telling the story of Cher.

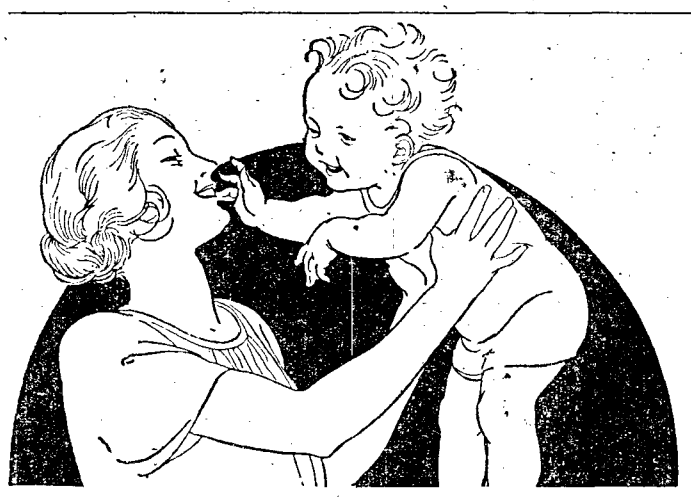
TUESDAY, 5.30 Nobby Clark and Lofty, a nautical yarn by Horton Giddy.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Is the Name?
Anna

Poultry Problem
12 geese, 24 ducks, 72 fowls

B	A	L	M		F	I	R	S						
A	C	O	R	N		R	A	T						
D	E	N		E	B	O	N	Y						
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W	A	S		R	O	U	S	E						
O	M	E	N		F	R	E	T						



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere, 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'



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